"self." I suppose the principal difference between the way we deceived ourselves and the way others did, was our delusions usually made us happy; whereas, other peoples' deceptions almost always made us miserable.

This reminds me of one of Adam's remarks last month. He had just got back from shopping. I think I must have been doing the manager's shift. I was helping Adam carry bins of groceries from the trunk of his Volvo into the pantry. Betty was helping too, for two dollars. Something was making her laugh, or rather she was making herself laugh at something that had been said to her. It was a forced braying laugh, with her big mouth open and her head tilted way back. I mocked her by laughing the same way, and Adam joined in. Betty kept laughing, not getting it.

I explained that we were mocking her because she sounded phony. Adam turned to me and said with surprising bitterness, "There are a lot of phony people in the world, Norm." That would explain why we're so miserable.

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The manager said Frederick (not Fred) would incorporate Adam into his delusions. He said the Pakis had him down in Pakistan. They were making a new Adam. Later he saw him in the cars driving by on Thing Street. He had joined the others who peopled his delusions, like JFK Jr., Martin Luther